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NOT many wise, not many mighty, not many rich have pushed the world out of its ruts, and one of the signs of genius is its utter inability to run well in the harness of conventionality, schools or creeds. But do not make the mistake of thinking it "lawless;" instead, never have men or nations obeyed with a more saint-like and Spartan spirit the light that their own creation has kindled, and it is this, the adding of new and more strenuous laws, not the failing to keep the old, that makes the world call them queer and speak of their works as sparks of a sky-rocket, brilliant, beautiful, but not lasting, not true, having no foundation in memory and reality, perhaps in imagination; but at this point the world becomes a little confused with the reins of the foremost of life's tandem. Ruskin says that "a hundred men speak where one thinks." That we readily agree to, but when he adds that "a thousand men think where one sees," we laugh—and a laugh is the most deadly weapon, the most impregnable wall that a man can make use of.

But this is the first lesson given to the class. They accept it believingly, and anointing their eyes with faith they rub it in well, when lo! they open them to find the mirrors of past generations into which they have been looking, broken, and for the first time they see.

This is what the impressionists have done, and like children in all ages they must be a little crude, a little loud at the start; but they have dared to break the mirror, have dared to paint what they see, and the effect of their glorious sunshine and shadow has been what was to be expected if we believe that every true cause, every good cause comes as a light into the world, and that men love darkness better than light.

Squint up your eyes and shake your head if you will, but if you will dare to look again you will see. By this I do not mean that we should push aside all the art of the past; far from it. Rather study it, love it, live in it, but never copy it. Never say, "here is the end of seeing," for remember that an artist never was nor will be a prisoner, a slave, or a pioneer. He never lives if chained; he never knows a master, he never grows to his full height among the new and raw things of the world.

It is not hard to see why this is so. Place the poet and artist within the four dark walls of a prison; the poet sends forth a song of deliverance, of the triumph of spirit over matter, but the artist dies. The poet deals with the ideal, the abstract, is creative; the artist, with the real, is receptive, interprets. It is their differences that make them

ART TALK great, not their likenesses. A poet may be a pioneer but an artist never.

Southern Europe was already crowded with the art of Greeks and Romans when such men as Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, del Sarto, Raphael, Rubens, Velasquez and Murillo were born, and all these men lived in palaces, lived with kings and queens, walked through streets, cities, countries, lined with rich curios of the ages that had gone before and left their tapestries that had been dyed in the sunsets of the Orient fluttering in the soft breezes of a Southern land, and their statues standing in the market place as well as in the cathedral, casting long, cool shadows across street and pavement, mosaiced by Italian sunshine sifting through the quivering branches of the trees. For the greatest artists of the past, with a few rare exceptions, have lived in the South, the greatest thinkers in the North; and still do we find it ever so, if born in the colder, severe climate, still do they journey to the warmer. Why? Because he is not like the poet, who gowned and slippered sits before his roaring fire, bringing from far lands the priceless thoughts of great thinkers, and storing them away upon the shelf at his elbow, where, like the ant who provided her meat in due season, or like the thrifty housewife who has labeled and corked away the sweets, the spices and rich juices of the summer time, he can feast and entertain royal company, caring not how fierce the tempest or monotonous the color of the universe may be to the outward eye. The eye of the poet is the inward seeing, the eye of the artist the outward, the looking upon something real, already made.

If I could paint a picture of the two I would blindfold the poet and give him wings, and as he flies upward have him grasp the hand, the marvelous hand, of the artist, who, standing firmly upon the ground, gazes with his clear, penetrating eye upon the handiwork of God, the first and greatest of artists—

“The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!”

and, as he stands there gazing he does not reason, nor ponder, nor compare, he sees, he feels he will—

* * “Paint these

Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, 'His works
Are here already; nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)
There's no advantage! you must beat her then.'
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

ART TALK

Man has never been able to find a reason for beauty. He may in some instances tell you how it is made, but never the reason why—still we all go on loving it, begging for it, working for it, feeling its power from our babyhood. For as children we are true artists because we are normal, natural; then it is we love the yellow dandelions in place of the rose; we refuse to go to our mother dressed in black, but reach out our little arms for a bright-colored ball—and even down to old age it is this same feeling, this same love that makes us turn and turn to look at a beautiful face or scene. But when we have grown older, that is, have suffered, and the poetical side of our nature has developed, we will pick the rose for its perfume, forgetting the thorns, and go weep with the mother in black, having learned the reason of color. But let us never forget that beauty is a

"uselessness divinest
Of a use the finest."

It is this very love of beauty that makes it hard for an artist to understand the cry against the painting of the nude. To him it is beauty of color, of form, not of flesh and blood.

You cannot offend a true artist more than by telling him his picture tells no story; you might as well tell a writer that his work needs illustration. It was Thomas Carlyle who said that illustrations were "infatuated blotches of insincere ignorance,"—an awful mouthful to digest, but most tonic in its result; and just so must a picture stand alone, in the same way as music, literature, and all the arts.

I have seen on the bookshelf of a very learned man a volume of Dante's *Inferno* bound in bright red, side by side with *Paradise Lost* bound in yellow. This never struck the owner as discordant, for he thought only of the contents of the books, that friends in thought were placed together; but the artist will shrink with pain when he looks at them, and out will come the red-covered book. I do not say that he will put it on another shelf and so take away the sentiment. No, but he will give it a white and gold cover and put it back again, satisfied. He may or may not look inside the cover—that has nothing to do with his being an artist.

Never is an artist a prophet, a seer, or a judge. Rarely does he live beyond his own generation. When great, he is the perfect flower of his age. He crowns his century with beauty, using it as a trellis upon which to climb upward, and will grow just as far as the mind and heart of his time reaches.

When he dies he dies like a flower. Men gather up the petals and store them away and the seeds are scattered far and wide and we have art museums, galleries, and schools of art.

ART TALK "But," you say, "look at the life and character of Michael Angelo, poet, painter, architect and sculptor, a man interested, taking active part in his nation's well-being; look at Peter Paul Rubens, thinker, statesman and painter; Velasquez the same; they would not have died in prison, they lived in the world and yet far ahead of it; they were seers and priests to their kings as well as to the people." This is true, but as has been said of Michael Angelo, "that he had four souls," so of the others, we could well say they had two or three, one being the soul of the artist. And most of us have but the one soul, and even that frightens, overthrows us.

THEODORE CHILD

Painting is not a mystery; a man of average intelligence can learn to paint with a certain degree of excellence, just as he can learn conic sections or soap-boiling. And so there are multitudes of painters who produce colored images for the delight of the crowd. * * * They have their *raison d'être*, inasmuch as they satisfy the demand of an artistically ignorant public for colored wall ornaments.

JOHN RUSKIN

It is mainly because the one painter has communion of heart with his subject, and the other only casts his eye upon it feelinglessly, that the work of one is greater than the other.

GOETHE

The beautiful is higher than the good; the beautiful includes the good.

DAUBIGNY

Let me alone! The best pictures are the unsalable ones.

MAUVE'S PAINTING: AN EXAMPLE OF PURE ARTISTIC EXPRESSION ♣ BY ARTHUR W. DOW



NTON MAUVE painted in the Dutch manner, but he made his works distinctively his own. He impressed his personality upon every touch of his brush. Yet there was no straining after the unusual, no very wide deviation from the beaten path. He did not even seek variety in his choice of subject, but was content to paint that which had been painted over and over again by others. Mauve perceived a certain kind of beauty, and he gave expression to it through the medium of the common things about him. A pine grove against a gray sky, a man driving a flock of sheep over a moor, are so treated by his brush as to seem to have an extraordinary beauty, an added charm that few have ever seen in them.

He was not a colorist; he had not the power of Besnard to marshal